

SECRET

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This killed off the morning, so far as substantive affairs were concerned, for as soon as I got home I was plunged into a lunch party, at which the guests were:

Sir Evelyn and Lady Shuckburgh
 Sir John and Lady Summerson (Soane Museum)
 Mr. and Mrs. Lanning Roper
 Mr. and Mrs. Fitzgibbon
 Mr. and Mrs. DuPont
 Mr. Maurice Edelman (MP)
 Mr. Reston
 Mr. John Foster (MP)
 Mrs. Rudd
 Mrs. Beevor
 Madame Pelterie
 Mr. and Mrs. Opdyke
 Miss Halle
 Mr. Wells

After a spell at the office, I returned home for a cocktail party we ^{gave} ~~were giving~~ there.

July 9, 1962 - Saturday

I left by Pan American at eleven o'clock on a frivolous trip to the United States. Had an uneventful seven-hour flight to New York. My seat companion was taciturn, so there was no conversation to divert me from reading, which I did steadily, ~~for~~ ~~one book that~~ One book that made me cackle was Nancy Mitford's The Blessing.

New York was hot, 85 degrees in the shade. I dined at The Brook with our Ambassador to Switzerland, McKinney. I read the report he is to make to the Department on his recent interviews with Swiss bankers. In general, they take a gloomy view of the American economy because of unsatisfactory profit margins. In particular, they think our common stocks are still too high, and intend to continue to liquidate them. Like many people here, they believe our tax structure is unsound.

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